QUEENS HIGH, ACES LOW.

Spanish Card Game in Which Our Methods Are Reversed.

[illegible], Swords, Cups and Saucers—[illegible] Are the [illegible] System of Signals — Cheating the Law of the Game.

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While the Spanish are a nation of gamblers from the humblest mule driver to the haughtiest Don, they have but very few games of cards. In fact, there is but one that is played to any extent, and a curious game it is to the poker, whist and euchre loving people of other countries. It is known by many different names, but quite generally as "Mano y voca," as the hands and tongue play such an important part in the game.

Deft pantomine and a quick eye are the attributes essential to a good player The mere playing of the cards requires but little science or practice, for the game itself is very simple and consists of very little more than matching the cards.

The use of the Spanish pack of cards is enough to confuse an American pretty thoroughly at first. They are different from any other cards on the face of the earth, and there is no apparent reason

sign maker indicates to his partner by a well-known code of signals just what cards he holds. He is supposed to do it at such opportune moments and so cleverly that the opposition watcher cannot detect the signals. It is the watcher's duty not only to observe his partner's signals so closely that he will know what cards are indicated, but also to watch the opposition sign maker's signals. If he is an expert and does his work perfectly it follows, of course, that he will know where every card in the pack is. The running out of each suit is then only child's play. If the other watcher is not as well posted he will be pretty sure to lose.

It is the watcher who plays first each time. If he wins the trick he leads again. The playing of the trick consists in leading with some card between a five and a seven spot. The players then in rotation lay down cards next in value on either side of the card led. Whichever side runs the suit out first in either direction wins the trick. The point most striven for is to run it out on the high end and capture the queen, king and jack, as each of these cards count a certain number in addition to the value of the trick. When the suit is won on the small end and is run out on the ace, the face cards not played do not count for anyone. They are then discarded as deadwood. Such an event is considered the sign of pretty amateurish playing, as the cards are

"THE SIGNALS ARE RATHER DIFFICULT FOR A NOVICE."

for the difference. To begin with, there are only 48 cards in the pack, none of the suits having either eight or nine spots. Again, the cards are much smaller than those used in America—smaller, in fact, than the French cards. Still further confusion arises from the signs used to indicate the suits. Hearts, diamonds, spades and clubs are unknown. In their place the Spaniards use suns, swords, cups and saucers. The picture representing the sun, or the "oro," as it is called, is simply a round yellow spot with a jagged edge. The sword (espada) is a pictured short, straight cutlass, with filagree work on the blade in the fashion of fancy Toledo workmanship. It is printed in brown ink. The cups and saucers look like the regulation receptacles for coffee and milk, and are colored blue. Moreover, corresponding cards in the different suits are not of equal value. For instance, the queen of suns has twice the value of the queen of swords, and the queen of swords is worth as much as the queen of cups and the queen of saucers put together. Cups and saucers are concluded equal except when they are matched against each other, and then cups have the preference.

It is also the Spanish custom when playing cards to do everything in a

THE CARDS OF "MANO Y VOCA."

way exactly opposite to that usual in other countries. The cards are always dealt to the right instead of to the left, and from the bottom of the pack, the dealer helping himself first. The ace is counted simply as number one, and is the lowest card. The highest card is the queen. Doubtless her place of honor is the result of Spanish gallantry toward the fair sex; or, possibly, it comes from patriotic sentiment, as a queen is now at the head of the nation as regent, while the king is at present in all respects a person of very secondary importance. For that matter, Spaniards have never been particularly fortunate with their kings or held them in much esteem. Queens have always been the popular favorites. Next in order to the queen comes the king, then the jack, the ten spot, tee seven, and so on down to the ace.

This national game of "Mano y voca" is played almost exclusively in the country districts. Cards are used very little in the large cities except where Americans and Englishmen have introduced poker, whist, euchre, etc., which a good many have had the hardihood to do. It is doubtful if a more discouraging task [illegible] be found than trying to play poker or whist intelligently with Spanish cards and Spanish customs. More than that, a Spaniard would never admit that his valuation of the cards was wrong and the Yankee idea right. So if you play cards with a Spaniard you must play his way.

"Mano y voca" is usually played by four people. Six can play it, but with that number the players have to be experts. It is necessary to divide the players into groups of partners of two One partner is the chief, or watcher, the other is the "sign maker." The

then simply wasted and lost to both sides.

Only one suit is played at a time. The watcher has the privilege of leading any suit he pleases. Whenever a player cannot play he has to pay a chip into the center of the table. These forfeits are raked in by the side that wins the trick. Chip is not the proper word, however, as the American adjunct to poker is rarely seen in Spain. All the gambling is done with money. In the ordinary game the unit is a copper piece called "a big dog." It is officially known as ten centimes, and is worth two cents in United States money. It is called "a big dog" from the fact that the lion of Castile is stamped on the reverse side of each coin, while the five centimes piece is called "a little dog." Of course there are many people who play for much higher stakes, the silver 50 centimes (ten cents) or the pesata (20 cents) being made the unit. Occasionally, too, very heavy sports and wild plungers use the duro, or five pesata piece, equal to a dollar, as a unit. Such cases are rare, for a long game on that basis would bankrupt almost any village on the peninsula.

The signals are rather difficult for a novice to use deftly and without detection. A slight upward movement of the right hand from the table indicates that the sign maker has neither of the end cards—that is, queen or ace—in his hand. To show that he has none of the cards in the upper end of the suit the head is thrown backwards toward the right shoulder. When he has none of the lower end of the suit the same movement is made with the head toward the left shoulder. If he holds the queen he signals it by sticking the tongue into the right cheek, the ace by sticking the tongue into the left cheek; he announces the king by winking the right eye, and the jack by winking the left. Pursing up the lips indicates a number of cards in the middle of the suit. Twiddling the fingers of the left hand shows that the sign maker holds all or a majority of the cards at the lower end of the suit except the ace. If it should so happen that the sign maker had none of the cards in the suit led he would so inform his partner by running his tongue around his teeth two or three times. Opening the mouth shows that he does not hold a good hand in any suit.

The suits are indicated by the fingers of the right hand. The first finger for suns, the second for swords, third for cups and the little finger for saucers. Moving either of these fingers means that the sign maker has a good hand in that particular suit.

The origin of "Mano y voca" is clouded in the mystery of Spanish legendary lore. Some assert that it dates back to the Moorish occupation, and that the somber and silent race by whom words were never wasted or uttered frivolously played their games with signs rather than demean themselves by idle chatter.

That's all very pretty and poetic, but it probably is not true. In all probability "Mano y voca" is the degenerate product of the card game brought into Spain by the English and French soldiers during the Peninsular war. The Spanish like to win as well as anybody else, and the sign element is undoubtedly the offspring of some Spanish card sharper's systematic scheme to cheat. Quite likely his system was so successful that it attracted favorable notice and was universally adopted, so that in time it became a recognized part of the game.

WHAT is the difference between the man who cuts off the end of his nose and a boy who has just finished his task? One lessens his nose, and the other knows his lesson.

IF people love you, be happy; don't demand the impossible by asking that the same people love you longer than a week.—Atchison Globe.

"EMILE," asked the teacher in natural history, "which animal attaches himself to man the most?" Emile (after some reflection)—"The leech, sir!"

IT is more pleasant to kiss a miss than to miss a kiss.—Philadelphia Record.

A REMARKABLE PIPE.

Kaffirs Don't Own the Earth, But Use It for a Tobacco Pipe.

Lying Flat on Their Faces—Their Tobacco Is the Worst That Grows, and They Mix It with Intoxicating "Dagha."

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The Kaffirs of South Africa are in many ways a remarkable people, but perhaps the most singular thing about them is their mode of smoking, and especially their pipes. The ordinary Kaffir pipe is a sufficiently formidable affair. It is almost as big and heavy as the "knob kerry," or war club, which it often considerably resembles in form; at a pinch it would make a formidable weapon in the hands of its muscular owner. But it isn't every Kaffir who can afford an ornate pipe of this description, and every Kaffir must smoke—so he thinks. Curiously enough the poorest man smokes the biggest pipe—the biggest, indeed, on the face of the earth, for it is nothing less than the earth itself. I don't suppose that he is so conceited—though the Kaffirs have plenty of conceit—as to imagine that he "owns the earth," but he does use it for a tobacco pipe—and this is how he does it.

He has managed to procure a handful of tobacco, but has no regulation pipe. Shall he forego his smoke? Not he; necessity is certainly the mother of invention in this case. He first pours a little water on the ground and makes a sort of mud pie. He then takes a limber twig and bends it into the shape of a bow; this he buries in the mud in such a way that both ends protrude a little at the surface. He then waits awhile for the mud to harden. He doesn't mind waiting, for a Kaffir has lots of time; and it isn't necessary to wait long, for the hot tropical sun bakes the clay very quickly. When he considers that the pie is "done to a turn," he pulls out the twig, which, of course, leaves a curved hole through the clay. At one end he scoops out a sort of bowl, in which he places his tobacco. At the other end he fashions a little mound to serve as a mouthpiece; it looks more like the opening of a small ant hill than anything else. A European, probably, wouldn't relish a mouthpiece of mud—he couldn't use it, anyhow, for his nose would be too much in the way; but a Kaffir doesn't stick at trifles, and he has no nose to speak of. So he drops a live coal on the tobacco in the bowl, lies flat on the ground, applies his thick lips to the orifice and sucks away—drawing in vast quantities of the rankest, vilest smoke that ever made a human being gasp and choke.

For it is not enough that his tobacco is the coarsest and strongest and in every way the worst that the soil of this planet produces; mere tobacco isn't potent enough to satisfy a Kaffir

KAFFIRS USING THE EARTH FOR A TOBACCO PIPE.

though a single whiff of it would prostrate the most accomplished European smoker. So he mixes with it a liberal quantity of "dagha," a kind of hemp with intoxicating qualities similar to those of hashish. This is a drug powerful enough to paralyze even a South African, and by the time his pipe is finished the smoker frequently falls in a fit. In many cases he becomes quite insensible, and for a long time lies like a log; indeed—so pernicious is the stuff—he sometimes never arouses. But lives are cheap in Africa; what does it matter, one Kaffir more or less? Just where the pleasure comes in a civilized man is at a loss to discover; but no amount of argument can wean the South African savage from his tobacco and "dagha."

WALKER LOVELAND.

MORE GENIUS THAN GUMPTION.

Inventors Whose Ideas Have Made the Wrong Men Rich.

Just why inventive genius and gullibility should go together it is hard to say. Certain it is that inventors are the most guileless individuals in their dealings with others on business matters, and fall easy victims to the spiders who lie in wait for such flies. The list of clever men who walk to-day while those who ride owe their luxury to the other man's genius and their own shrewdness is an interesting one. Here are a few cases picked haphazard from the chronicle of inventions that fail to benefit the inventor, or, at least, produced for him merely a little of what was his due.

It is not necessary to be very old to remember when hooks were first put on men's shoes in place of holes, in order to save time in lacing the shoe at the top. This was the brilliant idea of an inventor to whom it should have brought a fortune. It would have done so had he been a shrewd business man. Being merely an inventor, he hadn't sense enough to keep his idea to himself until the patent office padlock had secured it against theft. In the innocence of his nature the inventor confided the idea to a friend, while crossing the North river on a ferryboat, and the friend hardly waited for the boat to tie up in Jersey City before he excused himself, started back to New York and went on a dead run to a patent lawyer, in order to have the idea secured for his own especial benefit. Another man is known to-day as the inventor of the lace hooks. He owns a splendid house, and is wealthy. The confiding inventor got nothing.

The inventor of a patent stopper for beer bottles, something that had long been wanted by the trade, sold the invention for $10,000 to a man who recognized its great money-making value. The purchaser is now worth $5,000,000, all of which he made from the sale of the patent stopper. Out of the goodness of his heart he presented the original owner of the patent with $30,000, so that the man got $40,000 in all for his $5,000,000 idea. To give some notion of the value of the patent rights on this bottle stopper, it may be said that when the patent expired and others began selling the stopper, the price came down from one dollar to six and seven cents a gross, and even at this enormous reduction a good profit could be made.

This last inventor was treated with princely generosity, however, in comparison with the genius who devised a pocketbook clasp in the shape of interlocking horns with balls at the end, that snapped shut with a slight pressure. The idea was afterwards applied to gloves, and became very much in favor. The inventor relinquished his prize for the magnificent reward of a kidney stew dinner and 50 cents, the latter to pay the inventor's expenses from Newark to New York. The man who secured the idea and patented it, after treating the inventor in the royal manner mentioned, made a big fortune by his shrewdness. What became of the inventor is not known.

Another example of the lack of wariness in the average inventor's make-up is a man who has conceived almost as many novel ideas in a different way as has Edison in the electrical world. This man has made several fortunes and lost them. To-day he is as poor as a church mouse, but is hard at work on many new inventions, with some of which he promises to make a sensation. He came into prominence some years ago in connection with a nickel-in-the-slot machine that was patented in almost every country in the world. Leaving a partner to look after the interests of the firm in New York, the inventor traveled through the country selling state rights.

The state rights were gobbled up in every direction, and $125,000 was shipped in various sums to the New York office. One fine day the inventor, while enthusiastically pushing his work of selling state rights, received a telegram stating that the sheriff was in possession of the nickel-in-the-slot company's plant, and the firm was being sued by creditors. The inventor hurried back to find that the $125,000 had been quietly secured by the New York partner in his own name, while all that was left for the inventor was the plant and the debts of a clamoring army of creditors.

The courts could do nothing. So trustful had the inventor been that no legal artillery could be brought to bear on the case. The partner is now traveling through Europe on the money he secured, while the poor inventor is trying to retrieve his fortune in sackcloth, ashes and perspiration in a little four by six office near the city hall.—N. Y. Recorder.

Getting His Dad in Trouble.

Georgie—Say, ma; typewriting ain't like handwriting, is it?

Georgie's Mamma — No, Georgie. Why do you ask?

Georgie—'Cause I heard papa down to his office say to the typewriter: "What a beautiful hand!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Abundant Proof.

He—Why do you keep me in an agony of doubt? What proof have you ever given that you really love me?

"Why, Ambrose, I've broken off every one of half a dozen engagements made since I promised to marry you."—Detroit Free Press.

Johnny Found Out.

"Little Johnnie opened his drum yesterday to find out where the noise came from."

"Did he find out?"

"Yes; when his father came home the noise came from little Johnnie."—Pick-Me-Up

A SMALL BEGINNING.

Hon. John Blair's Trip to Philadelphia Eighty Years Ago.

He Was Looking for Cut Nails—They Were New and Cheaper Than Hand-Made Nails—Beginning of a Famous Man's Career.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

Philadelphia was hardly as big as it is now, when, one evening, after many long hours on the dirt roads of western New Jersey, a boy of 14, perched high on a load of rags, drove into the town, tired and hungry, but bright-eyed and shrewdly forecasting in his youthful mind just how to make the best use of his first visit to the city. Not scheming to have fun, as most boys understand it, but how to do the business that had brought him there, quickest and most profitably. For this boy, who was already pretty well known throughout half a state, had begun to play the game of business early, and had even then been four years at the work of laying a fortune's foundations. "Little John I. Blair" they called him then, and those who knew him best predicted that he

"YES," I REPLIED, "AND AS MANY MORE."

would develop into an extraordinary man, while everybody agreed that he would surely be rich.

These predictions have proved true. Not only has "Little John I." got to be rich—he was a millionaire 40 years ago, and he doesn't know how rich he is now—but he has had more of a hand in the material development of the republic, probably, than any other man now living. He is only six years less than 100 years old now, and on his 94th birthday, which has just passed, he seemed quite strong enough to last out the century. Almost three generations of men have come and gone since his first birthday, and he has played a strong part among them all.

The railroads he has built are to be found in almost every state; the cities and towns that he has founded may be counted by the score; the churches he has erected number more than 100; he has endowed colleges and schools; the title "Honorable" was prefixed to his name years and years ago, and he has known in person most of the great Americans of the present century. Of all these things he is frank enough to say he most delights to tell of his boyhood days, and the tale of the load of rags and the teaspoons is his favorite story.

He was sitting in his own little glass room on the upper veranda of his man-

LITTLE JOHN I. AND HIS LOAD OF RAGS.

sion at Blairstown, N. J., where he could look out over the valley of his birth, where he played as a lad and before he began his business life, when he told the story to me.

It was 80 years ago that the trip was made and it has remained fresh in his memory because it gave him a chance to make a commercial hit that was relatively of great importance, since through it he made his first real start. It was memorable to his neighbors in western New Jersey because, through the trip, cut nails and teaspoons, till then practically unknown among them, were placed within their reach. He had then been at work in a country store four years, having begun at ten, and was getting dissatisfied because he thought his employer, named Dewitt, had not enough enterprise to push the [illegible].

"I told Dewitt," said Mr. Blair, in relating the story, "that we ought to keep cut nails. They had just been placed on sale in Philadelphia. We had only the hand-made, wrought nails, and they were very high—so high as to keep many from building who would have gone ahead if they had been cheaper. Dewitt held out a long time, but he finally let me get a load of rags together and take them to Philadelphia. I was to sell the rags, get the money on them, and with it buy the nails. Well, I sold the rags all right, the morning after I got there, and put the money in my stocking. Then I hunted up the cut nails.

"They had a queer way of selling cut nails in Philadelphia at that time. They put them up at auction in the evening. Well, I went to the auction and I made a bid for the first lot offered, a little lower than I understood the going price to be. I was surprised that no one bid over me, and so was the auctioneer, but the lot was knocked down to me, and so was the next, and the next. When I had got all I wanted, the auctioneer, who thought somebody had been joking with him, yelled out that he'd like to know who had been doing all the bidding. I was so little he couldn't see me in the crowd, and a man [illegible] up.

"'Sonny,' said the auctioneer, 'can you pay for the nails you've bid for?'

"'Yes, I can,' I replied, 'and as many more.'

"Then the auctioneer laughed, and the auction went on at better prices. Next day I went to the auction-room and got the nails, taking my money out of my stocking in the auctioneer's back room. He seemed to be mighty tickled over the whole thing, even if I had got the nails a cent below ruling rates. He wanted to know all about me: where I was from, who my employer was, what kind of a trade he had, and a whole lot of things. I answered all his questions, and he shook hands with me and said I was the kind of a boy he liked to know. Then he said he had something to show me, and pulled out a drawer from which he took some pewter teaspoons wrapped in paper.

"'Do you think you could sell any of these?' he asked.

"I did, and though I wasn't at all sure how Dewitt would like it, I told the man I'd take six dozen. They went off like hot cakes, for they were almost the first spoons, smaller than tablespoons, that had been seen in our part of the country. Folks didn't often buy spoons when I was a boy in western New Jersey. Around here they had them cast in a mold from old pewter and Brittannia metal, generally by an old woman named Titman; 'Granny Titman' we called her.

"You've no idea," said Mr. Blair, "what a sensation those spoons caused. All the women wanted them, and those who couldn't buy more than two or three would use them only when they 'had company,' and then kept them carefully wrapped up in the soft paper between times. The cut nails? They were a success, too, but not so great as the spoons. I've made a good deal more money a good many times since then; I've had my share of business and political excitement all my life, but I never enjoyed a business venture more than I did going to Philadelphia with that load of rags, and bringing back teaspoons and cut nails."

It was the success of that boyish venture as much as any other one thing, that enabled the lad to go into business for himself as a country merchant at 17, and so make the beginning of his career. And it was the necessity of getting the supplies to his stores—for within a few years after he started his first store he had half a dozen others—that inspired him to build a railroad for horses (later superseded by locomotives), and that road is now one of the links in a great trunk line that reaches from ocean to ocean. It is likely that the boy of to-day who shall reach great age, will witness many marvelous changes and see many improvements, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether they will be more wonderful than the changes and improvements that have been made since "Little John I's" trip to Philadelphia on a load of rags, 80 years ago.

OSBORN SPENCER.

A Life Saver.

Puffy—Just saved a man's life!

Guffy—How was that?

Puffy—Met a fellow on the street. Said he'd blow my brains out if I didn't give him my watch. Gave him my watch.—Detroit Free Press.

Intellectual Pursuits.

"Did you keep up any club work while you were away, Mrs. Golightly?"

"Indeed we did; we played progressive euchre right along."—Chicago Record.

One of Those Sure Signs.

Brown—I shall have a cold dinner to-morrow.

Jones—How do you know?

Brown—My wife went to cooking school to-day.—Town Topics.

Parental Solicitude.

"You mustn't put needles in your mouth, dear," said Mrs. Tyte-Phist to her little daughter. "It rusts them."—Chicago Tribune.

Sarcastic.

She—Since my return from the south of France I'm another woman.

Sarcastic Friend—How delighted your husband must be!—Tit-Bits.

A Peculiar Girl.

"Isn't she a queer girl? She keeps a parrot, four canaries and a monkey."

"That's nothing. I know a girl who keeps a secret."—Detroit Tribune.

OUR NATIONAL SEAL.

It Was Designed by a Citizen of Great Britain.

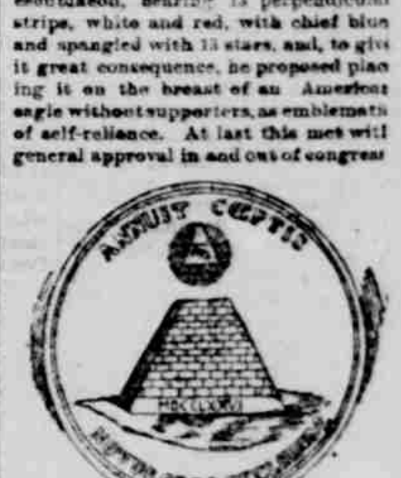
Sir John Prestwich, an Accomplished Antiquarian, Furnished the Idea for the Original Seal of the United States.

The great seal of the United States is of peculiar interest from the fact that it is possibly the only one in the world that was designed for a government by the subject of an opposing government. We owe our coat of arms to Sir John Prestwich, a baronet of West England, who was a warm friend of America, and an accomplished antiquarian. His admiration for Washington undoubtedly influenced his design, as the Washington arms are rather similar to our seal. Originally the selection of the seal was left to a committee appointed by congress, and composed of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, and they employed a French West Indian named Du Simitiero, not only to furnish designs, but to sketch such designs as were suggested by themselves. In one of his drawings the artist displayed on a shield the armorial designs of several nations from which America had been peopled, embracing those of England, Scotland, France, Germany and Holland.

After several other committees had vainly tried to perfect a seal which

SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

should meet the approval of congress, Charles Thomas, its secretary, several years later received from John Adams, then in London, an exceedingly simple and appropriate device suggested by Sir John Prestwich. It consisted of an escutcheon, bearing 13 perpendicular strips, white and red, with chief blue and spangled with 13 stars, and, to give it great consequence, he proposed placing it on the breast of an American eagle without supporters, as emblematic of self-reliance. At last this met with general approval in and out of congress



GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

says the New York Herald, and was adopted in June, 1782. So it is manifest although the fact is not extensively known, that we are indebted for our national arms to a titled aristocrat of the country with which we were then at war. It was cut in brass soon after it had been decided upon, and it is found on a commission dated September 16, 1782, granting full power and authority to Washington to arrange with the British for prisoners of war. This seal continued in use for 59 years. The present seal differs from it only in detail of execution. The design of the reverse has a pyramid, over which there is an eye in a triangle. For some reason this side of the seal was not cut then nor has it been cut since, but has been allowed to go unnoticed officially until the present day. The second seal was cut in 1841, Daniel Webster then being secretary of state. This one was continued in use up to 1885, when the seal now used was cut.

Wedding Journey on Bikes.

A most original marriage ceremony took place at Harwich, England, a few days ago. The curate of the church received a visit from the bridegroom, who apologized for asking him to perform the ceremony instead of the vicar of the parish. "The fact is, you are a keen wheelman, I am told." "Yes," said the curate (a muscular Christian), much amused; "I don't know how I should get on without my bicycle." "Well, that is why I came to you. To tell the truth, we want to have some fun out of the wedding, and we mean to have a cycle one!" Accordingly, on the appointed day, the wedding party, consisting of the bride and groom and about 30 guests, rode down to the church, attired in regulation cycling costumes—the bride in a neat tailor-made gown, the bridegroom and groomsman in knickerbockers and caps.

Curious Habits of Birds.

In the grounds of Wimbledon Park Lake, England, a blackbird and two robins have chosen curious nesting places. The blackbird's nest, which contains four eggs, is in an old pail in a bush, and the robins have built in two rusty kettles. One of the kettles is on a heap of bricks, and there are eggs in the nest.

Fans Advertise the Gospel.

Some keen-witted Endeavorers of Union, S. C., during the warm weather are distributing fans bearing a list of church and Christian Endeavor services.

Swallow and the Fly.

A single swallow, according to an authority, can devour 6,000 flies in a day.

Impudence.

"Look here, waiter, these eggs are not cooked properly."

"I know it, sir; but you said they were for your wife, and I knew if the lady was your wife she couldn't be very particular."—Sketch.

Ignorance Is Bliss.

Mrs. Snapper—A young man usually thinks the girl he intends to marry is a duck.

Mr. Snapper—And after marriage he thinks she is a goose.—Up-to-Date.